THE CHARACTER OF AN Irish-Man: OR, A DEAR-JOY Painted to the Life.

SINCE the Arrival of the *Teague-Land* Troops, in this *Proteſtant* Kingdom, who can admire at the ſurprize and conſternation of our *Engliſh* Nation, when they look upon it to be as bad as a New Maſſacre, and much more Formidable than a *DUTCH*-Invaſion?

But, if this be the Effect of our Fears, Where's our Fortitude? Where's our True *Engliſh* Courage? Where's our Ancient Grandeur? Can it be conſiſtent with the Temper of a true *Engliſh*-Man, whoſe Name has been a Terror to all Nations, to fear a Neighbouring Subject? Is it not a Diminution of that Ancient Glory that once kept all the Univerſe in awe? *England* fear'd no Incurſions then, but made them. Our War-like Kings, like *Julius Cæſar*, came and ſaw, and whereſo-e're they came did Overcome: And ſhall we ſtand in dread of ſuch a Morſel, as would hardly ſerve the *Bull-and-Mouth* for a Break-faſt, before a long-winded Meeting? If they be Strangers, we ought to treat them with Civility: If they be Fellow-Subjects, we ought to Embrace them: If they come to our Aſſiſtance, we ought to Encourage them.

But you'll Reply, They are a pack of *Iriſh-Wolves*, *Tories*, *Cut-Throats*, *Papiſts*, what not, come over to Devour us.

I Anſwer, If they be *Wolves*, you have *Dogs* enough to Worry them, at a cheaper Rate than *Cromwel* did thoſe in *Ireland*. If they be *Tories*, we have yet *Whigs* enough remaining of the old Stamp to match their Cocks. For *Cut-Throats*, (thank the Fates) ſome can Sleep quietly all Night, and when they Wake, find their *Throats* Cut in the Morning, without the help of an *Iriſh-Skein*. And for *Papiſts*, you have a Thouſand to One.

Where then is the cauſe of our Fears and Jealouſies? It is a groundleſs Suſpition; and I will undertake to prove, by Invincible Argumens, that an *Iriſh-Man*, and Subject of the King of *England*, is no ſuch Monſter as you would render Him.

First, They are *Christians* as well as We, the same Hopes, the same Fears, and same Apprehensions of a Future Being. If we differ in Principles, they have yet as much Honor and Honesty, Allegiance and Loyalty, Religion and Conscience, perhaps more than those that suspect their Fidelity.

They are Subjects of the same Prince; subject to the same Laws and Punishments; Ought we not then to Love our Fellow-Subjects? What tho' we Arrogate to our selves the upper-hand in Fellowship? Must we therefore utterly despise these Gentlemen? 'Tis unnatural to take the Sword in the Right Hand to cut off the Left; We are all Members of the same Head.

They are Civiliz'd as much as We; a Nation of as much Humanity, Temperance, and Sobriety: But you will say, They want Sense; They want Courage; It is a Mercy, if they want them not more themselves, who tax Them with the want of Either: For their Courage, shew me a Hector of *Holbourn*, that can Bully them; and for their want of Wit, (for all your *Bog-Witticisms*, wherewith you upbraid them) produce the Sharper that can Bite them. If Diamond only can cut Diamond, 'tis odds but the *Irish-Man* has the better of the Lay: And for their Behaviour, instance so many Men of any Nation, under the same Circumstance, that e're carry'd themselves with more *Decorum*, Obligingness, and Respect than they have done, in their Quarters or elsewhere, since their Arrival: Their Officers being generally Gentlemen of Education, Conduct, and Experience.

I will not deny, but amongst so many Thousands, there may be some Extravagancies committed; but shall we lay it as a Crime to a whole Nation? It is a small Corporation, that has neither Rogue nor Thief within it; and that *London* has both, you need go no further than the *Old-*

Baily, to be convinc'd: It is uncharitable to condemn a whole Nation, for the particular Offences of a few.

Nor will you find the least cause of any such danger from the *Irish*; there being amongst them several *English* Gentlemen Officers, which are *Protestants*, yet live amicably with their Superior Commanders, and the Soldiers quietly under them: Besides, the *English* which are this day in *Ireland*, (where the Natives are more numerous) enjoy their Estates and Possessions, without the least disturbance or molestation.

How unreasonable is it then, to suspect an *Irish-Invasion* in *England*, by a few Regiments, when our vast Armies in *Ireland* cou'd hardly reduce them in so many Centuries?

Let us then no more fear them as Enemies, but embrace them as Friends; and since they are only come over for the Defence of the King and Country, upbraid them no more with the Opprobrious Titles of *Rogues*, *Tories*, and *Rebels*; but call them (what they more properly deserve) *The Guardian Angels of the Court*, *The Life-Guard of the City*, *The Safe-guard of the Nation*.

FINIS.

Printed in the Year 1689.

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